

COSMOPOLITAN

A SMART
And SEXY
Way To
Start 2004

MAKE HIM CREAM HIS PANTS

726,425 mind boggling
techniques that will have
him begging for more

25 ways to make
him blow his load
RIGHT NOW!

How to
snag your
lecture cutie

16 Ways to lose
those holiday pounds

**ALL NEW:
DISPATCHES FROM
THE FRONT LINES**

GET
EXCITED

The key to analyzing
male thought
patterns

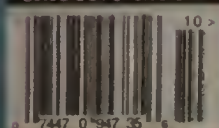
Inspirational stories that
will make you forget
that you're shallow!

LOVELIEST sex stories &
SEXIEST love stories

**SPECIAL BOOBYA
WEEK INFO!**

Don't miss out! Pages
and pages of hot looking
clothes that will get you laid

\$9.99 US / \$16.95 CAN



The Toike Oike

Volume XCVII - Issue V, 2003

B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto ON M5S 3G4
tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
e-mail: toike@skule.ca
http://toike.skule.ca

Editor-in-Chief Kevin Au

Editorial Staff

Copy Editors Terry Lung
Holly Wonch

Graphics Editor David Kohayashi

Layout Editor Jesse Katz-Totton

Quality Assurance Paul Dahrowski

Senior Staff Writer Laurent Noonan

Staff Writers Dave McKenna
Annie Unnold
Alex Wu
Alice Xu

Webmaster Anthony Apostoli

Production Staff

Art/Graphics Kan Li
Anni AhlawatWriters Mei Ling Chen
Sean Hockin
James Holler
Katy Howard
Mark Jagassan
Anne Lange
Michael Pacione
Peter Suddard
Marin Turk

Special Thanks to:

1. The Girls
2. Dude who submitted comic on pg 11 (I lost your name!)
3. Alcohol and Cigarettes
4. Peter Josselyn @ The Newspaper
5. My imaginary friend Robert Bear.
6. Doug Stiles (uncredited last month)

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about sharing your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have a nice tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.




Printer
Weller Publishing Inc

Editorial

There's good news and bad news about being an engineering chick. The good news: The ratio of girls to boys in each class is no more than 1:2. This means that for every one of us, we will have at least two beaus to choose from. The bad news: Practically none of these so-called beaus are anywhere close to meeting our standards. Sorry guys, it had to be said.

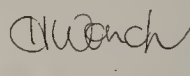
But, luckily, this works to the female's advantage. With the lack of hot guys to distract our attention from important lessons and tutorials, we are free to focus on our studies. And by studies, we mean those fine assed Professors and Teaching Assistants. Yes, we realize that they, too, were once engineering students, and yes, that would make them fundamentally as undesirable as the rest of the boys in engineering. But there is one main difference between these two categories of males - one group can help us achieve a 4.0.

This method of studying is wonderful because little to no effort is involved. Girls are naturally hygienic, respectful, and

receptive to the idea that someone other than herself may actually have something intelligent to offer. Obviously the Profs and TAs favour us and want to help us achieve! We make their jobs easier just by being female. Did you ever wonder why the female student population in engineering has been steadily growing over the decades? Gender equality? Hells no. All that female engineer recruiting was initiated by Profs who wanted their lecture halls to be filled with delicious aromas, bright smiles, and wide eyes that are willing to learn - a welcome change to the B.O., unconscious heads resting on desks, and eyes that feverishly scan the blackboard for that oh-so-life-threatening misplaced decimal point.

Basically, we're taking over engineering little by little. It was bound to happen - after all, we are the superior sex. We've got the Profs in our corner, we've got the TAs watching our backs, and as you'll see in the next few pages, we've taken over the Toike...one by one, the pieces are falling into place...

Shit, it's great to be both beautiful AND smart.

Terry Lung and Holly Wonch
Your lovely Toike Copy Editors

The Toike Oike Top Five List (because six's been done)

"The Top 5 Signs That The Woman You're Trying To Pick Up Doesn't Like You"

5. When you ask her name, she promptly maces you. Through the tears and searing pain, you know she's just putting on an act so that no other guy will try that with her, leaving her all for you.
4. The first glass of brandy you buy her ends up in your lap. You attribute this to clumsiness, but it only turns you on, and you buy her a second brandy. It ends up in your lap. So does the third.
3. She drops her cigarette in your brandy-soaked lap. While trying to put out the flames you think: "She did that on purpose; it means she thinks my crotch is hot."
2. When you ask when you can see her next, she replies with: "At the court hearing to arrange a restraining order." When you burst out laughing and comment on how funny you find her, she proceeds to shove a tazer into your gut.
1. As you lean in to kiss her goodnight, she knees you in the groin and kicks you repeatedly as you quiver on the sidewalk. You realize it may take awhile to get used to her kinky habits.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I am writing on behalf of the Progressive Vampire Council (PVC), Toronto Chapter, to protest the violent and uncalled for article, published in the October edition of this newspaper, concerning Vampire hunting. I would have you know that this article alarmed many fine, upstanding citizens who also happen to be vampires. Modern vampires bear little to no similarity to Buffy the Vampire Slayer's fiends. In fact, Toronto is home to the largest vegetarian vampire community in North America. Of those who choose not to subsist on Soy milk and vitamins, the blood banks and slaughterhouses provide ample nourishment. No human has EVER

been assaulted in Toronto, and there are many measures in place to prevent such an event from ever occurring.

It is not easy being a vampire, but we are people too. In the future, please respect our minority rights and do not encourage vampire-phobia. We do not hunt you, please do not encourage people to hunt us.

Yours Truly,

Carmen Amaretti
Chair of the PVC Toronto Chapter

Best Wings Best Student Pub

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



ein•stein

where great
minds
drink alike

The Original College
Tradition Since 9T6!

229 College Street
("CE" on Campus map)
www.ein-stein.ca
416/59•STEIN

BEER•WINGS•POOL•JAVA•NTN
SPORTS•MUSIC•QB1•SPIRITS
COMEDY•JUKEBOX•EVENTS

HEY KIDS!

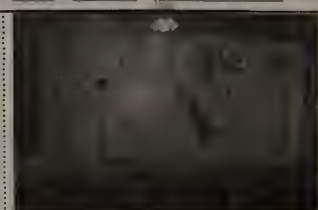
Don't forget...

Content Meetings:

Sat. Jan. 17 -
@ 1:00 pm

&

Thurs. Jan. 22 -
@ 6:30 pm



This picture is a mystery puzzle you should print. "Find the hidden body part on the wall."

Tom Smith
p.s. I've given up on all other sources of information and i now only read the toike

(ANSWER: IT SPELLS OUT "PENIS", YOU DOLT!)

LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

CANCER FIGHTING AGENT DISCOVERED IN TONY ROBBINS' TEETH



TORONTO - Scientists at Oregon's National Cancer Institute announced the discovery of an effective cancer-fighting agent found in motivational speaking guru Tony Robbins' teeth. The derivative Robiflavin, which is similar in

structure to Sodium Hypochlorite, is the most powerful anti-carcinogen discovered so far in the quest to find a cure for cancer. According to a statement released by the ONCI last week, Robiflavin "identifies the cancer cells, taps into the body's natural cancer fighting potential, and creates a strategy for the elimination of cancer cells over a thirty day period." Robiflavin also helps cancer patients achieve a greater level of fulfillment in every area of their lives and helps to destroy psychological barriers that were holding them back.

MARS ROVER FINDS BANDANA ON SURFACE OF MARS

SCARBOROUGH - The Mars Exploration Rover Spirit has discovered the first possible signs of life on Mars, and they are not what anyone expected. The Mars Rover sent back pictures in which there appears to be a red bandana partially buried by the Martian sand. Scientists are baffled at the discovery. "We don't know what to make of this," said NASA spokesman Jim Horner. "It is scientifically impossible for that bandana to be there, yet there it is." Many crackpot theories are emerging as a result of the discovery. One theory proposed by a Los Angeles homeless person suggests that the Bloods gang flew in a space ship to Mars to set up a crystal meth lab. Others postulate the existence of a dangerous Martian guerrilla strike team living under the surface of Mars, who at night creep up to ground level to steal rocks. Members of the Clint Eastwood fan club offer a different explanation. "I think it was dropped by the High Plains Drifter," said fan club member John O'Reilly. "They should scan the area for empty shotgun shells and bottles of whiskey. Never underestimate Clint Eastwood." So far the Eastwood hypothesis is the most plausible, but investigations are still ongoing.

SUSPICIOUS UFO SIGHTING IN OHIO



OHIO - Local Ohio man Herbert Quinn reported an Unidentified Flying Object to the police last Wednesday. He claims that it soared over his house as he was getting

the morning paper. Mr. Quinn insists that strange music emitted from the UFO, possibly the song "I Think I Love You" by the Partridge Family. UFO specialist Winona Williams said "The only explanation is that the Partridge Family Fan Club has been developing rockets disguised as outhouses in which they lock clones of David Cassidy and then shoot into the atmosphere." Apparently this is part of their clandestine scheme to spread "positive vibes". Ohio city council has yet to comment.

BUSH ADMINISTRATION ANNOUNCES NEW CODE INFRARED TERROR ALERT STATUS

"No situation will be so critical that we won't be able to respond to!" says Bush.

Paul Dubrowski & Laurent Noonan, Toike Senior White House Correspondents

WASHINGTON (Toike)

- With the high frequency of Code Orange terror alerts, and the corresponding risk of increasing American citizen apathy, President George W. Bush has introduced a new increased level of terror alert, touted by pundits to be the "next logical step" in protecting American freedom from terrorism.

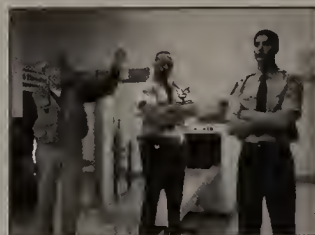
The new Code Infrared level of readiness, which was immediately put into effect upon its announcement, is now the highest level of security alert used by the Department of Homeland Defense. The term Code Infrared originates from the current system of ranking states of alertness by colours, with Code Red being the former highest state of alert.

The White House press release stated that Code Infrared will be invoked whenever a foreign national enters the United States.

Code Infrared methodology was developed in partnership with Miss Cleo, renowned psychic and long-time spiritual advisor to Bush, after a recent meeting at the White House. Main elements of this new defense strategy include employing psychic advisors to uncover evil intentions, such as those harboured by terrorists.

"We have hired some of the most talented future seers in the world," explained Bush, during a press conference this morning. "These people are working around the clock to predict any kind of terrorist attacks that may occur, so that our country can be better equipped to fight bad guys. The last thing we want is another 9/11."

Bush has been known to consult Miss Cleo, who has recently been appointed the new National Security Advisor, on a variety of important matters. First Lady Laura Bush



President Bush poses with airport security with his truth-telling fish.

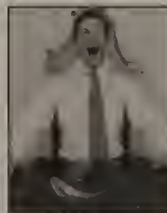


President George W. Bush holds a press conference along side his newly appointed secretary of defence and guide to the stars Miss Cleo

has not been impressed by the President's behavior of late, which includes staying up for hours speaking with Miss Cleo, and running up the Oval Office phone bill unnecessarily.

"Sometimes George forgets that he can just walk into Cleo's office down the hall," explained the First Lady. "But Cleo insists for some reason to impart advice only over the phone. She also makes him listen to a 4 minute automated speech on payment terms, before dispensing advice."

President Bush, however, maintains that he will continue to utilize his new NSA. "Miss Cleo and I are confident that together, we can increase our window of decision making, and prevent future attacks on our nation. From now on I will not make any major decisions without first consulting Miss Cleo on the possible outcomes of what might happen," Bush explained. "The seriousness of terrorism is no laughing matter."



Victim having failed the fish test.

When Miss Cleo was questioned about her fraud allegations, and why she could not predict the failure of her former psychic hotline business, she responded: "I saw it coming. But the future is inevitable; I could not act on my discovery for danger of disrupting the space-time continuum." After receiving a Presidential pardon, she announced that her psychic hotline will be reinstated, once the world is safe from the harm of terrorists.

Bush has been observed to resort to other

unorthodox decision-making methods, most notably putting a gerbil into one of his intern's pants, and drawing a conclusion based on which pant leg the gerbil emerges from. White House officials say this method likely originates from Bush's shady history of underworld gambling, but would not comment on its success rate in making prudent decisions.

Code Infrared also includes many new security measures to thwart would-be terrorist plots. New defense strategies include hiring astrologists to predict possible terrorist acts in the future; video game strategists to play games such as Civilization III, Medal of Honor, and War Craft III in order to develop successful war scenarios that could be applied in real life; and training white wizards to aid in fighting major evil doers still at large, such as Osama Bin Laden.

Code Infrared readiness places a greater emphasis on airport security. President Bush sent interns to a dollar store in Washington to obtain red-foil "magic fish", which allow officials to determine a suspect's emotional state, based on hand temperature. From now on, any suspicious persons attempting to board a plane will be asked to hold the magic fish for a period of one minute. A curling magic fish indicates with certainty that the subject's body temperature is high, and by extension that the subject is planning a malicious attack.

If suspects manage to pass the magic fish test, officials still have the authority to burn the subject under an open flame, to see if they can survive.

Many U.S. international airports are now also enforcing the wearing of garlic necklaces for all flight crew members, as well as surrounding pilots with a circle of salt to keep the cockpit safe from evil.

Bush concluded the press conference by confidently holding up his left palm face forward and announcing: "The fate of this country lies (literally) in the palm of my hand!"

Machismo Exhibited By Moving Furniture Alone

Local Student Jeff Saunders impressed friends at his Beverley St. apartment last week when he moved a 200 lb solid oak dresser from one side of his room to the other, sources reported last week.

Saunders had invited four friends over to watch *Everybody Loves Raymond* reruns, but interrupted the show to move the massive dresser.

"Jeff got up to move the dresser right in the middle of the show," recalls Eric Schwartz, one of the friends who witnessed the move. "It must have been like a thousand pounds or something. He's just crazy like that."

Saunders refused all offers of assistance made by his friends.

Cindy Shaeffer, who was also on hand for the move, was unimpressed by Saunders' obvious ploy to get attention.

"He's just so pathetic," said Shaeffer. "He invites all of us over for some *Raymond*, and

then starts moving furniture around. He was like 'Oh, I forgot, I have to move this dresser guys.' He called us over just so he could show off."

Friends of Saunders say this is not the first time he has tried to move furniture alone. Jason Perrin, long time friend and teammate of Saunders' on the U of T Jenga team, recalls: "One time back in high school we were helping his cousin move, and Jeff insisted on moving this couch by himself. He got about five steps and his back gave out and he fell down. He actually accused me of punching him in the back. He thought I was trying to embarrass him in front of his family."

Friends say Saunders moved all his furniture to his current apartment by himself in a span of three days.

"It really only should have taken a few hours," said Perrin. "But he didn't want our help. He didn't even want to use the elevator, and it was like five stories up. I tried to hold a door open for him, but he wouldn't have any of that either. He yelled 'Get out of here! This is man's work!' I don't think I want to be his friend anymore."



Saunders moves furniture - refuses help

When asked why he refuses to hire movers or ask for help from friends when moving heavy objects, he replied: "Because I'm not a little girl. I don't need movers. Look, I once carried an entire dining room set on my back for three miles from Ikea to my apartment, okay. I'd like to see you do that. You probably couldn't even carry one chair that distance."

DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONT LINES:

PEY CORRESPONDENT, LOCATION UNDISCLOSED



Some engineers decide to work for a year - their "Professional Experience Year". This is one man's story.

08:15 - I walked into work this morning to be greeted with a sheer masterpiece.

Some of you may think I make all this stuff up, but let me assure you, the following email is real. "Mad props" for this guy, who addressed the following email to his entire company:

> Subject: AS PROMISED...
>
> One time I would like to say
> peace out to all my niggas and
> my niggaettes!!! working here
> has been a fucking experience,
> which I would not even wish on
> the dead!!!!
>
> (name withheld), (name withheld),
> (name withheld), y'all get mad
> props!!!!!! the work you do
> "herre" goes unnoticed and as all
> of you know is unappreciated!!!!
> so all y'allz keep your heads
> up!!!
>
> (name withheld) can suck on my
> chocolate salty ballz!!!!!!
>
> Oh yeah, (name withheld) I
> saw you that time with (name
> withheld) at Niagara!! good for
> you, you're out of the closet!!!
> (thanks for lying to me back in
> 2002) remember?????????????
>
> two words: I QUIT!
>
> special thx to (name withheld)
> and (name withheld), real peeps
> in a fake ass world!!!!!!!!!!
>
> "When one door closes another
> opens, but we often look so
> long and so regretfully upon
> the closed door, that we do not
> see the ones which open for us."
> Alexander Graham Bell

For having the cajones to say what is on the mind of every single person at the office that makes under \$100K, I congratulate you. Good luck getting a reference though!

10:37 - Work isn't all that bad. After putting your requisite 37.5 hrs a week in at the office, sometimes the office sees fit to show some generosity, and cut the working man some slack with an afternoon off. These are sometimes known as "team-building" or "mystery" events, (when the exact nature of the event is not revealed until it begins). You know, because going rock climbing with your boss is sure to bring you ever closer to fitting in his pocket, and make you more susceptible to do his bidding in his time of need. Basically, any other time than the team-building/mystery event itself.

Sounds like fun, doesn't it? For the Finance people, going out to a casino for an afternoon of gambling really builds teamwork. But for our overworked and underappreciated Engineering department, they have all sorts of fun team-building events, every single day of the week! Example: "As a team, let's see how many end units we can build today, and then try to beat that record tomorrow!" Well, when you put it that way!

Mystery events usually go something like this: "Hey Paul, we have a mystery event this afternoon! Why don't you go and find out why our company was \$100K overbudget in Q3?" One could almost say that working here is a series of mystery events, each more mysterious (and fun) than the last!

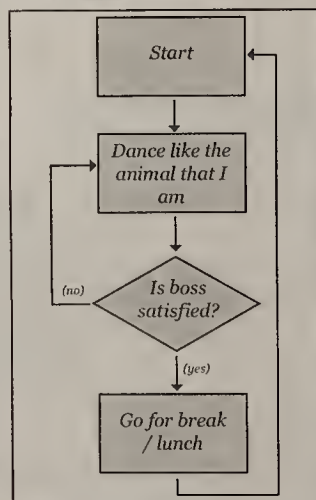
13:34 - Check it out: I've noticed that every single working task in this place has been commemorated in a "process map", detailing exactly what needs to be done in pictorial form, so even a monkey could come into work

and not screw it up. Actually, management is probably thinking of replacing us all with monkeys, as soon as they can source them overseas at low cost.

First, they'll bring them in as "helper monkeys" (because everyone could use a helper monkey, right?), then slowly but surely, they will start to infiltrate the core of our business. I can see their thought process: Put a thousand monkeys in a room, with a thousand Windows NT workstations, with a thousand licenses for AutoCAD, and you will eventually get a product so perfect that our stocks will go through the roof. So would banana crop prices.

All I know is, if I ever see a zookeeper walk into our facility, carrying some wooden crates, I'm going to take him out with my stapler.

13:42: Maybe I was a bit hasty there. Who am I to stand in the way of progress? As a tribute to our office culture, and acting in the long-term interests of the company, I've decided to create my own process map. Should a monkey ever be hired to do my job (I think they were interviewing a few this morning, and boy were they well dressed!), he/she/it can simply refer to this process map, which summarizes everything one needs to know to perform my work functions as a PEY student:



15:02 - The rumours are true! I once heard that there exists a company song, probably written by some preppy company-image consultant, that puts shame to even our own national anthem in the "warm & fuzzy feeling" category. Well, I've stumbled upon the lyrics! I wish I could sing it to you, but the best I can do is give you some inkling of what it would sound like (picture a cheesy choir & strings, with the beat provided by the best synthesizer the 80's had to offer.) Here are some choice cuts:

*Showing pride and confidence
With customers every day
A partnership in business
Builds trust along the way
Working off together
In everything we do
The future of our company
Depends on me and you*

*Investing in our future
Learning from our past
Finding ways to grow, within
A world that's changing fast
Let's all make tomorrow
Better than today
At (name withheld) we'll do the job
We'll find a better way!*

I feel like charging into battle wearing my suit and tie, bayoneted musket in hand, whenever I hear this tune. Calixa Lavallée (composer of O Canada) could really learn a thing or two from this one.

In other news, the sarcasm meter I keep on my desk has just exploded.

16:57 - Another productive day at the office. I wonder when the next long weekend is...

Travel Talk with Mark

Why Students make good Travelers



Welcome to the next (and last!) installment of Travel Talk with Mark. Traveling the world is both a noble and enriching experience that any student with the means should seriously consider. However, Intrepid Travelers should beware, there are many potential pitfalls for John and Jane Backpacker.

First among noticeable differences between here and there is that of language. When you're in a non-Anglophonic country, you'll soon realize that you can't speak the local language. This will become increasingly evident when you notice your inability to argue with the metro police that you're lost, confused, and don't understand how to use the public transportation system.

Now, not everyone speaks English, but nevertheless, some form of basic communication is essential. It is at this point that we humans must drop to the lowest common denominator: inhuman grunts and wild gesticulations. That's where our language capabilities started, and that's where you've got to start if you expect to order stuff, like that tasty "linguine e funghi" on the crowded streets of Venice, those tasty milk chocolates on the impeccable streets of Switzerland, or that tasty prostitute on the everything-goes streets of Amsterdam. (Hey, when in Rome...)

Of course, I'm actually referring to the Universal Language of Signs. Signs are the most effective means of non-verbal communication for the verbally-challenged. Unfortunately, even elementary traffic signs can lead to catastrophic failures in communication. But never fear. It is exactly for that reason that this seasoned traveler compiled a handy dandy guide for you, the bright-eyed bushy-tailed would-be student traveler. Enjoy!

Elderly Tolerated Zone



Elderly men are free to walk, swagger, promenade, strut, and/or speed walk in these areas. This liberty is given only provided said men wear appropriate head gear. Top hats, berets, fedoras, and conventional old man hats are all acceptable. Extra points to those who wear monocles.

Pedophiliae Zone



Now, I'm not judging other cultures here, but some cultures sure seem to have entirely different ethic systems than ours. Still, the "Universal Language of Signs" doesn't lie, so don't shoot the messenger. In these areas, men are encouraged to walk with little girls, or boys. Preferably hand in hand. The goal of children in these areas is to get as much free candy as possible. I believe these areas are mostly restricted to monasteries and churches. [Ed: Ouch!]

Freedom Zone



Nothing is forbidden in these beautifully corrupt zones. Wallow in your hedonism! Self-indulgence and laissez-faire is the name of the game here, kids. Eccentric behaviour in these parts is smiled upon, even encouraged. You should have seen the applause I received when I started waving my penis at traffic! I love traveling.

Antiquated Violence Zone



Now this appears to be a difficult one at first glimpse. However, if our readers would direct their gaze to the top right of this sign, its intent becomes clear. This sign indicates that extreme caution must be exhibited in these very violent areas. In actuality the warning goes something like this: "If anyone starts throwing tomahawks at you or your friend's head, run for your life. Run away. Run away as quickly as you can, and never come back." Sordid? Maybe. But the world is a weird and wonderful place, nay?

Conditional Pipe Smoking Zone



No worries Sherlock, these areas are havens for pipe smokers, but only if you follow the rules. And the rules are very clear when they state the following: your pipe must be lit with a cigarette that has been in turn lit by an already lit cigar (cigarillos also acceptable).

Pedophiliae Free Zone



It is strictly forbidden for men to hold the hands of, or be near, any children or persons measuring less than four feet. I think this sign is particularly popular at Oktoberfest. [Ed: a huge beerfest held annually in Munich, Germany] That way parents are legally forced to keep their kids at home, instead of trying to force them to "post bail at the drunk tank and bring daddy home in a wheel-barrow. Again. For the fourth year in a row."

Conditional Parking Zone



Now this is certainly a tricky one, but I've verified this with the local authorities to ensure its accuracy. It states: "You may park here, but only if you're a member of the X-men. Fantastic Four members will be fined and towed without exception. And we're serious this time, Invisible Woman."

J.Lo Friendly Zone



Contrary to popular belief, there are certain parts of Europe where it is legal for Jennifer Lopez to bear and rear children. (The large ass on this picture demonstrates without doubt that they are referring to J.Lo) These signs denote areas where the talented singer/actress can raise non-functional but extremely rich heirs that will be born into the highest caste of Hollywood nobility. My bet is that these children will quickly move to places with the "Freedom Zone" sign and give heroin a shot before their 16th birthday.

Analyzing Male Thought Patterns



In accordance with regulatory guidelines drafted at the 3rd Hollywood Geneva Convention - which states that all modern women periodicals are mandated to contain at least one article analyzing the thought and/or behavioural patterns of men - The Toke Oike has granted Dr. Nora Grey funding for such research. The earth-shattering result of Dr. Nora's work has had an effect on the scientific community not unlike a German suplex on a brittle old man.

Male subjects were obtained for our tests by means of an oversized fishing rod - operated from the top of Roberts library. To ensure a high factor of randomness in our subjects, several different baits were used, including but not limited to: wads of cold hard cash, 12-piece china tea sets, loaded automatic weapons painted to look like toys, and a soiled piece of plastic that appears to have a picture of a naked woman on it until you go in for a closer look and realize it's just a mustard label.

The tests began by determining the collective psychological make-up of the group. We asked some simple questions and catalogued individual responses.

Imagine you are walking down a deserted street when a stranger stops you and compliments the pants you are wearing. What is your initial reaction?

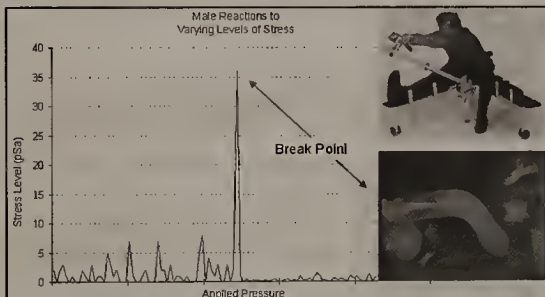
Stranger, I reckon you've got exquisite taste in men's pants:	43%
Sounds like a challenge on me, my family, and everything I stand for:	21%
Hand him my pants with my wallet and offer to touch his wiener in exchange for my life:	20.65%
I must have left the price tag on my pants again!	15%
I must have left my dick hanging out again!	0.35%

After being single for over half a year, you have an opportunity to meet with a very attractive woman. What is your underwear of choice on your first night out together?

Briefs:	53%
Boxers:	33%
Thong Bikini:	8%
Banana Peel tied with String:	5.65%
Peter Pan Chunky Peanut Butter:	0.35%

Imagine that a group of renegade anarchists calling themselves the 13 Horsemen have brought upon the end of the world and you are the only survivor on the entire planet. Through a miracle, you are allowed to revive any one person who has ever existed in history (but only one). Together, you will repopulate the planet. Who would you revive to be your partner?

Laura Secord:	77%
Nasal-voice woman from the Old Navy commercials:	9%
Charlize Theron:	8.65%
Girlfriend/Wife/Lab Partner:	5%
Asian Ronald MacDonald:	0.35%



You have a dream. In the dream you are sitting in a field of blue and yellow flowers. In front of you flows a stream with many small fish swimming against the current. An old man calls your name. He hands you a bag of marbles before fading away. What does this symbolize?

Bag of Marbles:	94%
Fertility:	2%
Infertility:	2%
Great success awaits me:	1.65%
Zeus has relieved me of duty after years of loyal service:	0.35%

You are late for work and just barely manage to catch your bus. Unfortunately, the bus is packed and you end up having to force yourself in. You are crushed shoulder to shoulder in between two other people who are giving you dirty looks. How do you react?

Apologize for the tight squeeze:	24.84%
Avoid eye contact:	24.84%
Kiss my biceps and introduce myself, starting with surname:	24.84%
Whistle first part of Dueling Banjos, play the other part with pant zipper:	24.84%
While hitting lower lip and grunting heavily, repeatedly flex/un-flex ass and circle nipples with pinky fingers as per usual:	0.35%

Suppose you are at a party or social gathering. The event is well underway and you feel that things have been going well for you. Suddenly, a woman comes up and slaps you in the face - calling you a pig. The event has come to a stop and everyone is watching the two of you. You have never seen this woman before. What do you do?

Explain that there must be some misunderstanding:	63%
Announce loudly that this woman is crazy and make coo-coo noises to the Looney Tunes theme:	19.65%
Impregnate her:	11%
Hold back tears and flee across a moonlit bridge:	6%
Strip hutt-naked, get down on all fours and piss on her leg while screaming "Who's the pig NOW?" in falsetto:	0.35%

The next series of tests were meant to gauge social behaviour amongst males in a competitive setting. I installed "Dance Party for PC" on the lab's network and split the subjects into groups of ten. I gave everyone a short break before starting. Unfortunately, I returned from the washroom to find that one individual had set his feet on fire to make it appear as though he was dancing really fast. Since I still had to pick-up my period from the shop, I decided to terminate the study at this point. Detailed test data is available for peer review upon request.

Alex Wun

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I've Already Broken

I started this New Year off like many of you: at a party surrounded by friends with a belly full of Peach Schnapps, St Ide's malt liquor, Mr. Hero Mini Pepperoni Stix, and some pills from a random person off the street. As I held my date (she wasn't really that hot in a traditional sense, but when you look under the surface, past the superficial societal interpretations of "good looks", you'd realize that she had something more precious than that: really low self esteem), looked into her eyes, and counted down towards the end of 2003, I realized that I had the same hopes for 2004 as everyone else. This year is going to be different. This year is going to be the year where everything changes for me. I will stop putting it all off, and turn it all around.

This shimmering beacon of hope is the year 2004. It will all start with my New Year's resolutions.

Fast forward a week and a half. I realized nothing had changed. I'm still the lazy, apathetic, insensitive, womanizing, unhygienic, stupid, and rambling jerk I was in 2003. My optimism was crushed like a paper cup filled with McDonalds' orange drink. In the past week I had already broken five of my resolutions. This resulted in a deep and endless depression, legal action taken against me by multiple parties, and the break up of my family. I will now share all my resolutions with you for your entertainment:

- 1: No more STDs in 2004: As I stumbled out of bed after my two day post New Year's hangover, I felt a distinct itchiness in my nether regions. I thought it might have just been re-growth of the festive message of good cheer I had meticulously shaved for the occasion, but a routine check told me I had broken my first resolution.
- 2: A clean and sober James Holler: My mom told me that you can have fun without drugs or alcohol, but she also told me that my dad was the dude who lived in our house, and not Mr. Pompelli, the dim witted guy who checks our electricity meter. I got a call from my mom the day I woke up (apparently her resolution was no more lies in 2004), and I drank rubbing alcohol until I passed out on top of some washing machines.
- 3: Healthy eating and exercise everyday: After that episode I couldn't hold down solid food, stand upright, or make audible noises for awhile. During that period, I sustained myself on the fine grains of dust, sand, and random grime that accumulates in jacket pockets, elbow and kneepits, and in the space between your bed and the wall.
- 4: Make time to show everyone in my life how much I really love them: The truth is, most of the time I can barely hide my contempt for most people in my life, but this resolution sounded good in my head when I made it up. A few days later, I called the host of the New Year's party to thank him, and to casually do a little damage control for any one I had offended, any corners I had soiled, or any pets I had experimented with. I discovered that I had bludgeoned one of the party guests with an urn containing his grandfather's ashes. I was informed that the dude was in a coma now, and the police has been looking for me; but they were unable to find me because I wasn't at my apartment or parent's house (note: I also broke my "Know where you are at all times" resolution with this one). In my defense, the dude was insisting that the voice of the alien in Out Of This World was done by Tom Selleck when everyone knows it was actually done by Burt Reynolds.
- 5: Find Miss Right: I swear I wholeheartedly intended on doing everything in my power to fulfill this resolution as I was telling my date how interesting her painted window frame art sounded. No more meaningless encounters with anonymous strangers I meet waiting outside the Union Station bathrooms. After the police finally found me, and denied me bail, the chances of me meeting a nice girl this year really went downhill, but I was able to secure protection from prison yard shankings through my burgeoning friendship with a large hairy man by the name of Phat Sack. He kids every once in a while that all I need to worry about now is the shower room shanking he has ready for me. I laugh to be polite, but I don't really get it...like one of them black guy jokes on Comic View that I don't get. But a nice fella all around.

James Holler



Godiva Week
Jan 12 - Jan 17

Come out to the most exciting week on campus.

....You'll fit right in

for more information please visit <http://godivaweek.skule.ca>

If you're anything like me, and you're not, you might have seen a Pop Princess lip-synching at any number of several recent award shows. During this neat performance, you've no doubt viewed her wearing jeans/pants that made her ass crack hang out in a particularly unflattering fashion. Maybe you thought for a fleeting moment that these would look awesome on you. Well I did, but here's the problem, I'm also cheap, so in order to achieve this look, it was necessary to go "Bargain Hunting".

Some people think that the "hunting" part of this oft-used colloquialism is referring to an intense search for inexpensive clothing. In fact, it actually means, that when you want the same piece of on-sale clothing as that ugly bitch who lunged for it first, you're probably going to have to hunt her down and kill her to get what you want. I'm sorry girls, it's just got to be that way. If you're not man enough to do it, turn back now. Turn back to your overpriced boutiques and the guilt which will haunt you for the rest of your life (or semester if you are forgetful) because you frittered away your week's budget on a purse instead of giving it to the Unicef hippy who's been pestering you on Bloor St. to help "save children", whatever that's worth.

An aid in your mission is going to be alcohol. If you're like me, and once again I doubt this highly, you probably have some airline mini-bottles of vodka lying around



(above) The perfect low rise jeans? yuh-huh!

Choosing the Right JEAN For Your Body Type



....Sometimes involves bloodshed

the house. Much to the chagrin of my thighs, cargo pants are back in style, but nonetheless, these pockets provide ample storage space for the liquor so necessary in completing a Bargain Hunting extravaganza much like the one I am about to recount.

Winners™ was a good place to start for me, because if their commercials are actually true, a transcendental experience will surely befall all who pass through their hallowed doors. So I headed in wearing nothing but an army camouflage hot-pants/halter suit, a kitchen knife secured to my belt with dental floss and one of those really cute floppy J-Lo hats which served no particular purpose but to look, well, cute.

Subject spotted! A pair of low-rise jeans on the Jr department rack. Size 2?! Perfect! That's just my size!® Furthermore, they were only \$30, which meant I'd still have a few bucks left to appease the Unicef guy. What's this? I look eyes with another woman who seems to have spotted the same pair. No, not a woman, a girl. And not the "I'm not a girl, not yet a woman", Britney-Spears-lyric-type-of-girl either. We're talking pre-pubescent, and they have the

sharpest teeth, so I had to strike fast. Being careful not to tear into the jeans with my knife, I tore into the girl's trachea instead and within minutes I had ended her brief, meaningless life. Frankly, her mother would probably have rather seen her daughter dead than wearing skanky low-rise pants, so in my opinion, I was doing the bitch a favour.

It was time for the dressing room to see how glorious these jeans could look. My prediction was that a heavenly glow would actually flow forth from the dressing room stall. As I passed the socks however, a woman who looked vaguely familiar punched my arm in an effort to knock the slacks (I'll employ the vintage term), from my hot little hands. Where's my knife!? Dammit, still in that teenager's neck. Remembering that I'd once severely cut my finger on a plastic hanger that had snapped under the weight of a 200 lb. faux-fur coat I was purchasing, I concluded that I had but one option. I slammed the jeans (which I am barely holding onto at this point), into an adjacent rack, both crushing the vaguely familiar woman's knuckles, and snapping the pant's hanger in half, leaving a sharp edge for me to wield. And I wield it like

there's no tomorrow, because for this woman, there was no tomorrow. Sorry dear, it's the price you pay for trying to steal my future purchase.

"Did the jeans look glorious when I finally got them home and donned them in front of that cruel hunk of shiny glass we call a mirror? No! In fact, I'd go so far as to say that they looked dreadful."

By now she was dead, and I began to wonder if perhaps this woman had just accidentally bumped into me and I'd made an error in judgment. The thought was fleeting however, because if I stopped to second guess every woman I've had to kill to get all the bargain clothing in my wardrobe, I'd have never made it this far. Forget this "trying on" crud; I decided to just hope they'd look as good as they do on the aforementioned Pop Princess. Thus, I headed to the check-out area, which was reasonably uneventful, if you don't count the fact that the check-out mistress wanted to see three pieces of ID when I wrote a check! This, of course, was the most ludicrous offence of the entire outing, yet I forged home without killing her because I was out of weapons.

Did the jeans look glorious when I finally got them home and donned them in front of that cruel hunk of shiny glass we call a mirror? No! In fact, I'd go so far as to say that they looked dreadful. Did I have fun bargain hunting anyway? Of course. So girls, if you can learn anything from my shopping fable it is this: Any pair of jeans worth killing for is a good shape for you, unless that pair of jeans is low-rise, because I'll bet money that they'll look bad on you. Wait, no I won't, because I still have to use that money for the Unicef guy.

*number has been changed to avoid embarrassment about actual huge ass size.

Annie Unnold

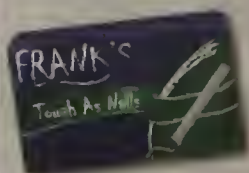
16 Ways to Lose Those Holiday Pounds

1. Burn fat. Lighting yourself on fire has never been more effective
2. Give blood at least once a week.
3. Chop off extra penis.
4. Cut off breast fat. Start with the left one.
5. Get a flesh eating disease. Work the abdominal area first.
6. Leeches: this ancient Chinese trick never fails.
7. Amputation. Unnecessary? Maybe. Effective? Yes.
8. Get hooked on coke. I can hook you up, I know a guy.
9. Start smoking. All the cool kids are doing it.
10. Stop drinking milk and other calcium intakes. Bone density weights you down.
11. Move to Ethiopia.
12. Combo -- chainsaw, "amputation", wheelchair. Enough said.
13. Throw up after eating.
14. Eat nothing but candy and cake until you get scurvy. Lose up to 50 pounds.
15. Become an organ donor. TODAY!
16. Join a religion that doesn't believe in holidays.



Quit wasting your time with those tampons that just aren't tough enough.

Frank's doesn't fuck around. Frank doesn't mess around with tampons and neither should you.



"PUT IT IN YOU!"

HOTTIE OF THE MONTH



Cory, age 24: "After a hard day of getting sweaty from fighting evil, I love to sit down with a hot chocolate and give manicures to all my army buddies. Like, you just wouldn't believe the number of broken nails you get firing a rifle. For sure!"

READER'S RESPOND:



"He's cute I guess, for that muscle bound, 'I'm in the armed forces' look. Hey! If you unfocus your eyes a bit he looks like an alien! 'giggle' Those sunglasses are really something... Sorry what did you ask?...No, he's a little too straight edged for me."



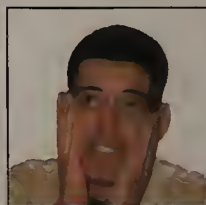
"Does he think wearing his army beret a little lopsided makes him look artsy? He is obviously trying to achieve the 'I joined the military to find myself' look. Sorry soldier, you're too high maintenance for this mama."



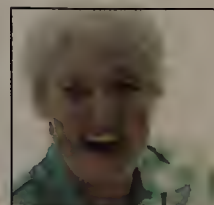
"The earthy tones of his outfit tell me he is the environmentalist type. That black matching accessory says that although he is down to earth, he cares enough about himself to spend time coordinating his daywear. I would totally date him."



"Yeah, he's not bad looking. He looks kinda upset. Would it kill him to smile? He looks like his wife is in love with his best friend and now they're running off with their lone child leaving him all alone only to grow more and more bitter. I can't go out with someone with that much emotional baggage. That's probably why he has the qu."



"Well the uniform is obviously a very nice touch. When I actually look at the guy, however (because I'm not into judging people based on shallow things like their uniform) I notice that he has pudgy elbows. Aren't these guys supposed to be in shape? I wonder what else he's got concealed under there..."



"Sweet rule. I'd fuck him. Does that rifle have a 'vibrate' mode? I prefer a man with a smaller gun. They are easier to handle."

Toike Oike Horror Stories

Going out and partying with your friends should be fun, not frantic! Listen to these poor soul's stories and learn from their mistakes so that you are not caught in a sticky situation.

Eau de Toilet: *I had this beautiful dress for my senior prom. It was bright yellow with sequins and bawls all over. My mam had spent hours making it. We got to the prom and we were having a good time when my boyfriend thought it'd be a good idea to faol around in the bathroom. We went into a stall and I flung my dress over the door when I heard some giggling on the other side. We paid no attention to it. After a while we decided to go back out but when I reached for a dress we realized it was gone. My boyfriend tried to climb the door to take a look and in doing so he accidentally kicked me into the toilet. We finally went back into the dance hall with me half-naked and covered in toilet water!*

-Suzie, 18

Caught in the Act: *I had the biggest crush on this guy named Tommy. I liked him so much that I would sometimes follow him home after school. One day, he started talking to me and he said that he sees me walking behind him after school. I didn't want to look like a stalker so I played it cool and said that I lived two doors beside him. Well, after school he was waiting for me and wanted to walk home with me! I was so happy that I forgot about my lie. When we got to his house he said goodbye. I panicked and walked to the house nearby. He was waiting for me to go inside so I pretended to take out my keys when the owner of the house opened the door and said, "Who the hell are you?"*

-Marty, 15

Jane... Gone too Far: *It was one of those days when even the newest Jane issue cannot cheer you up. Kinda like when you get a herpes outbreak on your bum. I knew I was in serious need of some girl-time-out. Since my parents had locked the liquor cabinet, I decided that the next best thing would be a personal spa session with all of Jane's recommended products! To begin, I locked myself in my room and sniffed some nail glue. Then, I swathed on my day cream, toner, exfoliator, facemask and eye creams but I saved the best for last. Jane's highly recommended anti-aging serum supposedly takes years off your face and prevents wrinkles so that you can preserve that youthful look! I figured if it works so well, I might as well drink it. I dawned the whole bottle. Immediately, I fell asleep in my own vomit. The next morning I awoke feeling refreshed and revitalized. Off I went to my BF's house to tell her about my latest crush. On the way there I could have sworn everyone was gawking at me. I thought the anti-aging serum must have really worked well! Little did I know it had worked too well. I had turned into a giant fetus! It was so embarrassing. What was even worse was that when Becky finally opened her door, she exclaimed "oh my god! You're so like wrinkly!" I was mortified. How can I ever go out in public with wrinkles! Ever since then all my girlfriends have called me Aborted Abigail.*

-Abigail, 20

Whorried!: *So I went to my friend's New Year's Eve party. I was totally excited because my crush was going to be there! So I spent like five hours getting ready. I decided to wear my favourite miniskirt to be festive which ended up being SUCH a big mistake. All night my friend's boyfriend was reaching up my skirt! I was TOTALLY horrified. I didn't know what to do, so I just pretended I didn't notice whenever he did it...probably not the best strategy! Anyway I waited and waited for my crush to show up, but when he finally did, he was, much to my annoyance, TOTALLY wearing the same skirt as me. Aargh!! I guess that's my problem for having a thing for transvestites. Oh well. Happy New Year!*

-Teresa, 21

HOROSCOPES

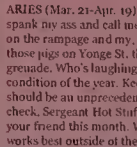


CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Let's go, Goats!!! As Mercury moves into Saturn's happiness house, you will find yourself feeling nothing but pepped! To accentuate this, try dressing like a cheerleader. Around mid-month, you will discover the virtues of wearing nothing but short, short skirts in the wintertime, this is a fail-safe way to attract only the most sensitive and caring of men! Though some of your credibility may suffer at work, offer to do some "overtime" for your boss and things should be fine. Single? Wear your skirt to the grocery store, the library, the video store; our survey says that 67% of guys will go to these places at least once a week...cha-ching! Attached? Your man always appreciates a little extra affection. This month, push his buttons by wearing the cheerleading uniform of his favourite team. Then stay the hell away from him during Monday Night Football, unless you're bringing him a beer. SUPER day: 27th. SOUR day: 16th. Capricorn Role-models: Melanie "Sporty Spice" Christloun, George Foreman. Love: ♥♥♥♥♥ Work: ♀♂ Money: ♀♂

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Water freezes in winter, so this is an especially bad month for our Aquatic girlfriends. And watch out, things only get colder! Keep your head up, though, and look for the silver lining...of a fabulous new park! There's no better way to glaze over the fact that you'll lose your job and your boyfriend in the second week than spending, spending, spending what's left of your money. Here's a job-hunting hint: It's harder to be a prostitute in the winter, so you'll have less competition when you're jobless. You GO, girl. Love: n/a. Work: n/a. Money: n/a.



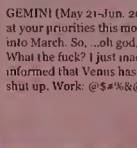
PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Your patient, good-natured temperament and tendency to be a space cadet are super-emphasized this month. And good thing, too! Do you know what time it is? It's HIBERNATION TIME for antisocial freaks like you. Worried about the lack of comfort in your new cave? Splurge! Buy those cute matching standing lamps you've been eyeing or that down comforter with Orlando Bloom's face on it. You deserve luxuries like these if you're going to be living underground for the next few months. So keep your chin up, and we'll see you in the spring! Love: yes, if you count masturbation. Work: nope. Money: spend it, you independent cave-woman!



ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Did you know that in some cultures, Aries is a God of War? Well spunk it up and call me Zeus, cause you're in for a fun month, Aries! Your Super Bitch is on the rampage and my...can she wreak some havoc when she wants to! Mid-month, show those pigs on Yonge St. that you don't appreciate honking by throwing them a kiss, and a grenade. Who's laughing now? Violence agrees with you, and you're in the best physical condition of the year. Keep yourself in shape by playing Hunt the Cheerleader (there should be an unprecedented number on campus this month. Make sure you keep them in check, Sergeant Hot Stuff!). Love: ♥♥♥♥♥ All men are your slaves, the whip is your friend this month. Work: does lucking ass count? Money: try rubbing Frosh. This works best outside of the bookstore at the beginning of the month when they have their January check from Mommy.



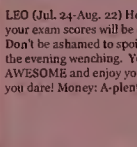
TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 20) The fact that James Brown is a Taurus says a lot. So this month, focus on improving your score on the galactic funk-a-meter! Put on your sunglasses and dance till you feel better. Discuss party affiliations: are you a Get-Up-hear or a Get-Down-ocrat? Around the 8th, you're feeling so hot ain't no one can stop you groove train. So encourage your friends to come aboard and chill as you head over the border to Groove Nation, cause you gotta give in to the fever. Dig? Love: Oh yeah, you got it. Work: Get down like it's your job. Money: Funk is an international currency!



GEMINI (May 21-Jun. 20) With the new year upon us, it is important for you to take a look at your priorities this month. Moody Venus enters your sign mid-month and will reign on into March. So...oh god, who really cares? I mean, honestly. Are you taking this seriously? What the fuck? I just made all that up. Nobody cares about your priorities. I've just been informed that Venus has entered the Mund-Numbly Pointless House. Fuck that! Love: shut up. Work: @\$\$%&@\$\$!!!!!! Money: BITE ME.



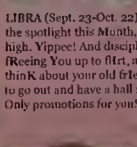
CANCER (Jun. 21-Jul. 23) Ahh. Unfortunately, this is a terminal illness.



LEO (Jul. 24-Aug. 22) Ho there, comrade! This month will find you happy and healthy. All your exam scores will be curved 30 points in your favour...huzzah! You deserve some fun. Don't be ashamed to spoil yourself! So go out and get a draught of the finest ale. Spend the evening wenching. You've earned some recreation time. Celebrate the fact that you're AWESOME and enjoy your month! Love: Ave, you'll see many a bonny lass. Work: Don't you dare! Money: A-plenty. Wench, more gog!



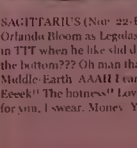
VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) The virgin isn't only your sign this month; it's your lifestyle. There really isn't anyone in the entire world who's going to get less action than you are. It's going to be really, really bad. Don't even try to go out and pick someone up. It won't work. My suggestion is to go out and find yourself a hobby. Try knitting or shuffleboard. You know, something that will compliment the fact that you've become an old pecker. Buy yourself a pair of soft-sole Reeboks. The high point of your month will be around the 12th, when you find a Buy One, Get One Free sale on apricots. Way to go, Agnes. Love: Aahahahahahaha, yeah right. Money: Just the chocolate coins you win in Bingo. Work: Sorry, old-timer. Why don't you go sit in the park instead?



LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Health and beauty! Planet Venus and coy Ne-Plutone put you in the spotlight this Month, meaning attention from those around you will be at an all-time high. Yippee! And disciplined Saturn novEes out of your relationship zone on the 9th, freeing you up to flirt, and meet all sorts of new, interesting people. Don't forget to think about your old friends, though. You'll be in charM overdrive, so you'll be tempted to go out and have a hah 24-7. Make sure they're up for it too! Love: is in the air. Work: Only promotions for you! Money: is for spending. Think shoes!



SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Right, so, you didn't do well on your exams. Don't sweat it! January is the month of new beginnings. So your mom kicked you out? You're too old to be living at home anyway! It's time to get yourself new dugs. And in a great city like Toronto, it's easy. Got a box or a flannel blanket? There's plenty of space in beautiful Queen's Park! So pull up a bench, talk with your new squirrel-friends, and hark in the bright side of life. It's only up from here, boy! Wow! Love: Your mom will warm up to you again. Don't worry. Work: Would be a good next step. Money: Finders Keepers! Any change you find on the ground is all yours.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec 21) Ahh Sagittarius, the Archer. Wait. Archer???? OMG. Orlando Bloom as Legolas. OH MY GOD OMG OMG. So hot. School. Remember that time in TTT when he like slid down the stairs on a shield and totally messed up those ores at the bottom??? Oh man that was SOOOO cool and I totally think he's like the hottest ell in Middle-Earth. AARR! I can't wait until that movie's in with Brad Pitt (OMG comes out Eeeeek!! The hoiness!! Love: ORLANDO BLOOM I TAKE MY NOW. Work: I'll do anything for you, I swear. Money: You cannot put a price on our love!!



DO YOU WANT TEETH LIKE
THIS?



INTRODUCING A NEW
PRODUCT BY COLGATE.

GO WITH THE
NATURAL LOOK!!!

YELLOW TEETH™

TOOTH YELLOWER

Ask your dentist if
Yellow Teeth™ is right for you.

Where is the Love?

Dawn, Monday morning. Maybe it was noon. I groggily boarded the elevator to go down to my residence lobby where I could grab a coffee and begin my day. Little did I know that the conversation I overheard that noon would change my life forever. In the elevator was a female student and what I assumed was her boyfriend. She was in quite the fluster and yelling at him. These were her exact words. "You are such a fucking mother fucking fuck face! Fuck you! Why the fuck are you such a fucking fucker?"

I felt empty. It took a while for me to realize what it was that had caused this despondency, then it hit me like a curve ball. The conversation I overheard in the elevator had demonstrated a momentous deficit in modern society. We have lost the ability to insult one another effectively! After the first or second fuck, what does the third or fourth fuck mean? It was a moment of sobering recognition, one that cut through my lingering hangover.

"How can you judge the quality of an era?" I asked myself. I tell you, it is not by technological advancement, it is not by the presence or absence of peace: the defining characteristic of a golden age is the complexity, specificity and sincerity of the insults. Oh shit! We are on the same level as filthy peasants in medieval Europe living among heaping piles of plague ridden rat carcasses in multi-hued cesspools of feces. Indeed, we are at an all time low.

Insults once consisted of complex extended metaphors that catered exactly to the victim of the verbal attack. In the classic works of Homer and Shakespeare, it is not uncommon for a single insult to last two or three pages! The immense thought and time spent on each insensitive, merciless phrase demonstrates that they cared. Our modern society has reduced this art form to a few stock phrases of monosyllabic bum-fodder. Our inability to customize and elaborate on the shortcomings of others shows that we are alienated from each other in ways unprecedented in history. We indeed are living in an age of apathy.

Case in point. A friend of mine called me a "pussy". Yes, I was insulted, but for the wrong reason. Did he not care enough about me to make my insult a little more personal? Maybe, take a few more seconds out of his precious time to tailor an insult so precise that I would be forced to look within and re-assess who I was? In a better world, he would have said something like "You are a spoiled, selfish, utterly useless and undeserving miscreant who lives off child labor while you naively sail through your teen years on your parents' money which they offer for no other reason than that you are their un-chosen offspring and despite all logic, they have to love you. Also, you should stop cutting your own hair because you look like road kill. It is a pity they did not shift into reverse and put an end to your miserable life." Why can people not insult me the way I deserve to be insulted? When my friend calls me a "pussy" or a "fuck face" that tells me that he does not consider me a close friend.

I do not ask for a complete remodeling of our cultural lexicon. Just, perhaps an addition of some descriptive clauses after everyone's favourite cuss word. For example, why can't the standard "fuck you" be followed by "you festering butt sore" or "you over gorged abomination" or "you crusty muckrake"?

For centuries, sages have urged that happiness and harmony is found in quality not quantity. This old adage pertains to insults goddammit! For instance, "Fuck you, you bombastic bastard of countless fetid personality flaws and overlapping layers of acrid odors" is far more effective than repeating "fuck you, you stink!"

This philosophy can be taken to the streets. For example, you are driving on the road and get cut off. Just roll down your window and say "listen you grotesque excuse for a human being, you are nothing but a malicious bacillus spreading destruction by cutting off decent law abiding citizens. You can not be late for work because what imbecile would employ an obvious sanctimonious ingrate like yourself. If I had a ridiculously large anvil, I would drop it on you and your jalopy from a helicopter and turn your crushed remains into a modern art piece called 'Justice Delivered'.....maybe that one is a little too long and 'fuck you' would be just fine. You must have a little discretionary ability with insults especially in traffic. Technique is not everything though, what is most important is sincerity. If you do not really mean it, your insult is worthless.

Here are some tips on how to construct an effective insult that you can practice on family and friends. First, don't rely on generic fallback terms such as "fucker", "idiot", "moron" and other overused expressions. Zone in on exactly what personality tendencies of the individual offend you (if there are a lot, zone in on the most important personality trait you can't stand) (If you are unsure, make a list). Let the goal of your insult be the clear articulation of their specific, one of a kind, personal flaw(s). They will appreciate that your insult is more thought out and personal.

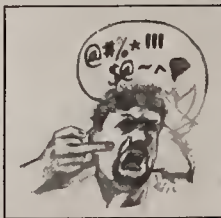
Know their insecurities before you unleash the beast. Target them directly for a deep demoralizing effect. You want total destruction of the person's identity and self worth. Of course, you will be prompting them to change for the better! Put your own personal spin on your creation. After all, it is your wrath. I promise you, if you follow these instructions, your affront will be so pointed, precise and painful; it will fall under the legal category of "mental abuse".

Start now!

For more in depth suggestions, visit my website at www.bloodynose.com

Also author of the self help classics "How to Lose Friends and Infuriate People" and "Seven Habits of Highly Defective Teens"

Marin Turk



Above: An angry person

Lies Your Parents Told You

By Mei Ling Chen



Remember when you were little and you used to follow your parents around? Remember thinking the world of them and trusting them with your life? Do you remember believing every word they said? Well, that's because you were stupid. You were vulnerable and young and they took advantage of that. Your parents lied to you, man! Time and time again... The lies may vary from parent to parent but here are some of the main ones:

1. "Be yourself and people will like you." No they won't! Think about it. Why do you like your friends? It's either because they have money or you're trying to sleep with them, isn't it? Don't lie! Now, the real question is why do your friends like YOU?
2. "Beauty comes from the inside." That doesn't even make sense! When did you see anyone ooze out beauty? Never! Have you ever heard anyone say, "Man, that girl is beautiful inside"? No, no you haven't! That's because it's not true! And I've seen the inside of someone and believe me, it ain't beautiful. Besides, they only told you that because you're ugly.
3. "It wasn't your fault mommy and daddy split up." Yes it was.
4. "Those kids make fun of you because they're jealous of you." Jealous of what? Your lopsided head and your gargantuan nose? Ha ha, yeah sure. Get away from me, you freak.
5. "We just want you to be happy." Then why didn't you get me that pony? Huh, Mom? A pony would've made me happy! You never cared!
6. "You were an accident." Oh wait, that one's true.
7. "You can be anything you want to be." What if you wanted to be a time-travelling, law practicing kangaroo with a medical license? Can you be that? Can you? Can you?
8. "Your fish is just sleeping...upside down and at the surface of the water." I didn't want a stupid fish! I wanted a pony! Don't you get it? Dammit! I said PONY, mom! PONY! P-O-N-Y! GOD! You never listen! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!
9. "There is no monster underneath your bed." Go ahead, tell them why you cry yourself to sleep at night.
10. "We love you."

So now you know the awful truth. Next month: why no one likes you.



At Web Mastaz, We Develop Websites...

...and make mad coin

Our mission is two fold: we aim to strengthen the organization and electronic delivery of information to your community, and to blaze the competition in the process

At Web Mastaz, maintaining 'strong relationships' is what keeps us in business. Your 'satisfaction' is our number one priority, or your dime bag is free.

Working together we aim to:

- develop funky stupid web sites that exceed your expectations yo'
- increase your bling margin and provide the professional image you want for your organization yo'
- create mad hype using effective marketing strategies and technologies yo'
- pimp like stone-cold playaz yo'
- yo'

From the big screen ...
to your dinner plate.



Found Nemo
Fish Sticks:

COME TASTE THE ADVENTURE

INTERNATIONAL NEWS BRIEFS

BAM! EMERIL ROBBED AT GUN-POINT



MIAMI - Emeril Lugosi was brutally robbed and beaten last night on the way to his car after filming his show. "As soon as I reached my car they came out of nowhere. The

first guy to reach me yelled "BAM!" right as he punched me in the face. After I was on the ground they gathered around and started kicking. They got my wallet, credit cards and recipes." Emeril swears revenge. "This ain't over. I got a good look at that first guys face. Now I'm cooking up some trouble for those guys. It's no secret I am handy with a knife and when I find those guys I am going to carve them up like a Thanksgiving turkey. Revenge is a dish best served cold and I have some experience preparing this dish." As it turns out Emeril has a recipe in mind just in case he is unable to locate those responsible for the attack.

Recipe for dealing with it:

"Let rage simmer for three to four days.... then BAM! Let it explode everywhere; friends, family, enemies, strangers, co-workers. And don't stop till ya can't see red no more." *There may be a lot of cleanup required after making this*

GREENLAND SINKS OCEAN LEVELS RISE

GREENLAND - You may remember Greenland as the large strategically placed island on a Risk board. You might recognize it from the humorous anecdote "Isn't it funny that Iceland is green and Greenland is icy?" Otherwise, you never have heard of it. Now, you never will. Sometime over winter break, Greenland sunk. Fisherman Bernie Codswitch was offshore on his dingy and caught the event on his video camera. Tragically, he sunk as well. International relations professor at U of M Francis Werther predicts that this event will have drastic consequences for Greenland's economy and tourist appeal. The combined displacement of Greenland and Mr. Codswitch caused ocean levels to rise 0.004mm, meaning fantastic surfing in Hawaii.

INTERNATIONAL DRUG LORD REUNION BIG HIT



COLOMBIA - Drug lords from all over the world convened in Colombia last Saturday in what was the largest reunion of its kind in history. The day of fun and nostalgia included a scavenger hunt, water-gun fight and mini-bowling ally. Every time one of the bosses got a strike, the ally lit up and an electronic voice said "you're the king pin!". The greatest surprise was a gigantic dump truck carrying tons of snow. Since most of the guests were from hot countries, they were delighted. "I have never seen so much snow!" chirped the assassin and friend of the late drug king Pablo Escobar. Keith Richards, who later performed songs and then handed out loot bags, voluntarily drove the dump truck. Once all the snow had "melted" guests boarded their private jets and waved goodbye. Attendees hope to make this event an annual tradition.

How to Snag Your Lecture Cutie

With Katy Howard

Have you been having trouble concentrating in class recently, because of that really cute guy in your lecture? Are you tired of being unsure of how to make your move? Well our team at the TOIKE has put together some fail-proof ideas for snagging your lecture babe.

1 A more subtle means of attracting your love interest is to sit behind him during class and repeatedly throw your pen down to the floor beneath him. At some point (perhaps several pens later) he will have to give one back and notice you. This is your chance to flutter your eyelashes and giggle, the fail-safe to ensure your dating success. **NOTE:** This method may not always be successful and it is a good idea to keep an extra pen handy in case he doesn't notice that you and your pen exist. Also, excessive eyelash fluttering can be hazardous to dating success; ticks and seizures are generally not sexually attractive traits.

2 For the more stubborn or ignorant prize catches, the gum method is generally effective. For this one, sit in front of your hottie and chomp your gum loudly and blow bubbles. At some point he will realize how badly he wants some and he will ask you for a piece. Should this take too long, lean backwards and ask him to pop a really big bubble you've blown. When he does, wink and tell him that he can keep the bits stuck to his finger. He'll be gooey in your hands in no time!

3 If your tenacity still hasn't paid off, it is often necessary to be a little more forward. Casually whispering into his tape recorder during lecture should draw his attention during class, as well as during his playback. Be sure to include your name and phone number, and he will probably give you a call, even if only to get the notes for the section of lecture you ruined. And as we all

know, a phone call is the next best thing to a date!

4 If these other ideas don't work out, stop by your favourite coffee shop on the way to lecture. Later, when you sit next to him in class, accidentally knock your coffee into his lap. If you're feeling a little daring you can whip out some napkins and help him blot up the mess. This is a sure-fire way to get his attention.

NOTE: Make sure to use coffee at least one lecture old, you don't want him to have a scar to remember you by. Permanent nerve damage is not a turn on.

If all else fails, simply stalking him from lecture to lecture, even those that you don't normally attend, and sitting next to him should get your message across. The most important thing to remember girls? A court date is still a date!

Give me back my face!

A DESPERATE PLEA TO THE PICTURE IN THE AC



Left: Mei Ling, Right: the picture

You think you're so hot, sitting up there in your stupid frame, looking like me. I don't even know how you did it. I mean, to steal a smile or a nose is one thing, but to steal my whole face? Very clever, you photograph, you... Well, you've had your fun. It's time to give it back now.

You have good taste, I'll give you that. It's a nice face to steal. It's done me well for the past few years. I know I'm not gorgeous or anything, but I'm not hideously ugly. At least I don't think so... Anyway, as beautiful as it is, it's still my face! You can't just take it and not give it back!

I've had that face for 18 wonderful years. People know me by that face. When they see that face they think of me. Now you're hanging up there on the AC wall, smiling at everyone who passes by with MY face. You know how many people pass your picture everyday? Well, neither do I. But I'm sure it's a lot. And those people are going to think that it's me up there smiling at them. And I just can't have that. I don't want people to

think that I'm some smile-whore, smiling at just anyone who'll look at me. No offense or anything, I'm sure you're really nice and all. For all I know you might LIKE being a smile-whore, but that's just not me. If I were to smile at someone they had to have earned it.

Please give me your face back. You've had it for a while already. You're probably tired of it by now. You've been wearing the same face for God knows how long. Don't you want to steal another face? Maybe a nice blue-eyed blonde. I hear they're pretty popular.

I'm not trying to condone what you've done here. Stealing is still wrong. But if you're going to steal, steal a bike or something. That way you can't get caught. I mean you had to have known I would've found out that you stole my face, right?

I'm glad we had this talk. I look forward to getting my face back. Just leave it outside EngCom at midnight. Someone will pick it up later.

Mei Ling Chen

Best Wings Best Student Pub -2002 eye magazine reader's poll



ein•stein

Weekly Events:

Monday: Man Vs. Martini
Tuesday: Taonle Taasedays
Wednesday: Open Mike Nile
Thursdays: Pub Rules & Prices
Friday: Apres Suds!
Saturday: Surprise Events
Sunday: Free Pool & Comedy

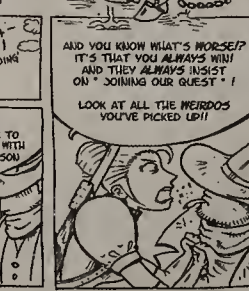
229 College Street
("CE" on Campus map)
www.ein-stein.ca
416/59•STEIN

BEER•WINGS•POOL•JAVA•NTN
SPORTS•MUSIC•QB1•SPIRITS
COMEDY•JUKEBOX•EVENTS

Godiva week schedule

	Monday (Jan 12th)	Tuesday (Jan 13th)	Wednesday (Jan 14th)	Thursday (Jan 15th)	Friday (Jan 16th)	Saturday (Jan 17th)
12:00 - 1:00			Chariot Race	Snow Sports		
1:00 - 2:00						
2:00 - 3:00			Bnad Rampage		Full Contact Day Car Smash	
3:00 - 4:00						
4:00 - 5:00			Calculost	? Mystery Events ?		
5:00 - 5:15	Godiva's Resurrection	Stores Auction		Cannon DVD Release	Godiva's Wake	
5:15 - 6:00			Mr. Blue and Gold	Godiva's Crown		
6:00 - 7:00	Charity Date Auction	Fe Chef, Ultimate Ff, Matts Musical Mayham				
7:00 - 8:00	? Mystery Event ?					Cannon Ball
8:00 & on	Steins	RPS	Movie Night	Pub Crawl		

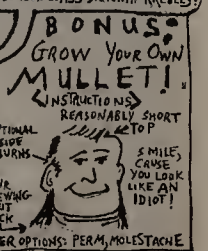
For past episodes & commentary, please visit
<http://individual.utoronto.ca/rev>



CHROMIUM MAVERICK?
THAT NAME SOUNDS
LIKE MINE...

I THINK HE
IS REFERRING
TO YOU

NOW THIS IS A SUPERHERO
I CAN USE AGAINST THOSE
COFFEE DRINKIN' ROLLER
BLADING CLASS ENAKIN DEFECIS



Psst. Censors. This isn't it.



For moments like these,
you shouldn't have to
worry about birth control.

You come home from a tiresome day at work to your loving partner who wants nothing more than to melt your stress away with hours of passion. You shouldn't have to worry about your birth control in the heat of the moment.

Introducing the revolutionary AbortCon: a new birth control system brought to you by women who know, for women like you.

We don't just sell you the birth control service - we sell you peace of mind. Instead of introducing chemical imbalances within your body like most products on the market, we simply keep you pregnant until the child can safely be aborted.

It's that simple.

Our clinics offer bright, cheery spaces for you to get inseminated by our accredited inseminator, Joe. This is just the first step of our system.

The next step is to enjoy your life for the next 3 months without worrying about getting pregnant with a child you would actually feel guilty about killing.

On your final visit, your fetus will be terminated in a swift and almost painless fashion, complete with your choice of flavoured Tang to replace valuable blood sugars.

Some side effects may include: headache, morning sickness, craving for pickles and ice cream, internal bleeding, offending an entire demographic, and eternal damnation. Results may vary. Consulting your physician will only provoke unnecessary clear-headedness.



It doesn't have to be complicated.

It doesn't have to be right,
it just has to work.

1. A literary work in which human vice or folly is attacked through irony, derision, or wit.
2. The branch of literature containing such works. See Synonyms at caricature.
3. Irony, sarcasm, or caustic wit used to attack or expose folly, vice, or stupidity.